Come Morning, I'll Forget About You

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/73323341.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dispatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Sonar (Dispatch) & Robert Robertson | Mecha Man
Characters:	Sonar (Dispatch), Robert Robertson | Mecha Man
Additional Tags:	Animal Instincts, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Non-Consensual Touching, Drunken Shenanigans, Amnesia, Hurt/Comfort, If You Squint - Freeform, Cuddling & Snuggling, Animal Transformation, I wrote this drunk its weird ok
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-29 Words: 3,171 Chapters: 1/1

Come Morning, I'll Forget About You

by worldinsured

Summary

There's a smell, beneath the stench of booze and sweat. Misery. Desperation. Something small begging to be soothed.

He stalks out of the room. Slowly, carefully. He'd hate to spook such an upset, fragile thing.

He walks with purpose, feet clunk, clunk, clunking against the hardwood as he makes his way to the living room. His prize is limp, fast asleep on the couch. Open and susceptible to the evil of the world.

This wouldn't do.

Or,

Sonar stumbles into Robert at the bar, takes him home. Things take a turn for the worse in the dead of night.

Notes

I went over this once with my check for errors, so it might be really, really poorly edited

He finds himself at the bar more than his apartment nowadays.

It's hot in the establishment. Someone's holding open the front door and barfing out their guts on the concrete. At least it helps it cool down in there a bit. Offers the customers a breath of fresh air, even if it's tainted with vomit.

He’s got a pint of something in his hand. It's some overpriced booze from the tap. He’d asked the bartender to surprise him. It didn’t taste all that good, but it was better than the rubbing alcohol he’d spit up all over Blonde Blazer the night before. Anything was better than that, actually.

Robert sits there, at the counter, on a stool that's worn down and wobbly from years of use. Taps his finger against the hardwood counter and doesn't really think of anything. He just lives in the moment. Soaks in the smell of liquor and the idle chatter and the empty threats of barfights.

It's relaxing, it's therapeutic. Like his troubles for the day were being washed away with the ebb and flow of others' daily life. It makes it easier to breathe, somehow.

He’s glad Flambae isn't there to stir shit this time. It’d been funny to watch his eyebrows burn off; he would've loved to see the seared aftermath up close and personal. However, being kicked out of the bar wasn’t something he’d want to repeat tonight. He knows when not to push it. He can see the bartender side-eyeing him whenever he walks past to give another patron their drink.

The night goes by in a lackluster blur. He doesn’t remember half of the shit he’s heard or seen. It was more than what he thought he’d remember, but less than what he’d hoped for. Bar stories tended to be one of the better things to gossip about.

He finishes off his first pint. Then a second, then a third. When Robert dozes off, the bartender smacks him on the back of the head. He startles awake and wipes the drool from the corner of his mouth before asking for a fourth. Mr. Bartender tells him to take a piss and sober up and then he’d consider it. He goes to the bathroom, splashes cold water on his face, wipes the crust from his eyes and comes back to a full glass. God grants small mercies.

Throughout the night, people come and they go. Some girls sit next to him, try to cozy up by his side, but slip away into the night once they realize he isnt interested in fucking some low grade hero in the cities shittiest divebar.

After the third girl runs off, no one else tries to approach him. He’s thankful for it. Some people just wanted to stew in their own self loathing. More than that, though, he just wanted to get even drunker and saunter home.

He’s about to get up and give up when someone slides into the stool beside him. He whips his head around, poised and ready to snap at whoever the fuck wanted to bug him, but all that greets him is Sonars grotesque bat face.

He relaxes. It feels more like surrendering. He doesn't have enough fight in him to tell Sonar to go away.

Sonar orders a drink, whiskey, Robert thinks, and sits quietly. There's something that gives off the feeling Sonar wants to talk, but he doesn't do much of anything. At least he isn't being a bother, which is nice.

They sit in comfortable silence until Sonar opens his mouth.

"Heard more about your father, from one of Shroud's goons. Pissed his pants when the bullet went through his guts."

"Mhm," Robert responds, the comfy buzz running through his veins helped him ignore what Sonar just said. It takes two minutes to fully process it. "Wait, who– who the hell were you talking to?"

Sonar shrugs. Ignores the topic altogether and throws Robert right into the deep end of his new conversation starter. "How's it feel to fail your fathers legacy?"

"How does it feel to fail at anything?" Robert asks. *Shitty*, his mind supplies.

"Well, you can't really *fail* in the stock market," Sonar says, before taking a pause to nurse from his whiskey. He sets the glass down with a clink, and one of his ears twitch at the noise. "the worst thing you can do is make bad investments."

Robert thinks. "Has my life been one long, bad investment?"

Sonar shrugs. Languidly circles the rim of his drink with his pointer finger. "Wouldn't go that far. Dumping millions into your shitcan wasn't the smartest idea, though. I went to Harvard, full ride, actually. Did you know that? I could find you some classes about money management and how to properly invest. I don't know if you'd qualify for a scholarship like me, though. Harvard doesn't usually grant hundreds of thousands of dollars to men in their late thirties."

Ouch. He doesn't have it in him to correct him about his age.

Somewhere in there, Sonars got a point. If he was being honest with himself, the last two generations of his family were one long, bad investment.

He'd be next, no doubt. It's merely a matter of time, he rationalizes. He's known it since he was eleven, standing in front of his fathers casket slowly, slowly being lowered into the shallow grave they'd dug for him. The closest to a reprieve he'd ever gotten was the months-long coma from being blown to bits in his mech. If he died then, maybe then he would've ended the cycle. Maybe he could've been someone that his father could've lied about being proud of. He could have proved the reporter wrong. Everyone wrong.

He wishes he died in that exploding hunk of metal.

He washes away the fleeting thought with a sip of beer.

A moment of silence passes. Sonar looks at him expectantly.

“Something like that.” he decides to say.

Sonar takes another quick sip from his drink. The glass clangs against his canines. Robert supposes it has to be hard to drink with big ol’ fangs blocking the way.

Robert picks his drink up. Hits the rim of his glass against his teeth harder than he should’ve in an attempt to mimic the noise. Sonar looks at him and tilts his head the slightest bit before focusing his eyes forward again. Robert slugs half the thing in one go.

Sonar says to him what he said yesterday, “You’re weird.” Then, he chirps.

Robert tries to chirp back, and it ends up being an ugly, awkward mimicry of the noise. Sonar goes rigid and chirps back. “Dont do that.” he says after, voice harsher than intended.

Robert shrugs. He doesn't take it personally. All he offers in return is a halfhearted “My bad.”

It goes quiet after that, their atmosphere having turned sour. Even so, they sit and tolerate each other's company. Robert continues to eavesdrop in between sips his drink, and decides to fiddle with the coaster he should've put his glass on. There's a ring of liquid on the counter. Circular stains litter the hardwood, have eaten away at the varnish, so at least he knows he wasn't the first asshole to disregard basic decency.

Robert finishes his fourth drink. Then his fifth. Mr. Bartender says, “This is your last fuckin’ beer of the night. It's almost two. Get out once you finish it. I don't want to deal with your rowdy ass if we have to boot you out.” then slides over a half filled sixth drink.

He doesn't question it. Mr. Bartender had been far more forgiving today than previous nights, so he won't push his luck.

He wants to go home, anyway. He downs the half-pint in one go then stands up. Murmurs something about, “Put it on SDN’s tab,” and walks out.

Sonar waits a moment before trailing. Stares down his second glass of the night as he listens to the bumbling idiot. Sonar figures he should help the first decent dispatcher he’s gotten to direct the Z-Team. Robert let him guard and pester Vanderstenk. It’s the most he’s willing to do to help the guy.

He takes a mouthful of whiskey and swallows it. The lingering taste makes him want to barf, but it burns good on the way down. He leaves his backwash in the glass, slaps a twenty on the counter and follows after Robert. He pointedly ignores the, "You're seven bucks short” on the way out.

Robert is stumbling around like an idiot. He has one hand on the wall in an attempt to stabilize himself, but it's not working much.

“Wait up,” he says, but it's no use. Robert has a mind of his own, unfortunately.

He jogs up to the guy, as quick as he can while wearing a suit, and wraps one of Robert's arms around his shoulder. He turns them around, and when Robert slurs out a “Where’re we goin?” Sonar doesn't reply.

The walk home sucks. His back is sore from carrying the majority of Roberts weight. The guy didn't weigh a lot, which would've been mildly concerning if he gave a shit, but Sonar wasn't exactly the strongest man around. Despite that, they trudge forward, until Sonar's front door is in front of them.

He pats his pockets. His keys aren't there. He lets out a chirp, shrill, loud, and locks in on his keys that are stashed in Robert's back pocket.

Sonar sighs. “My keys,” he says. Robert laughs, and uncoordinatedly grabs the keys from his back pocket. He tries to slap them into Sonar's open palm, but he misses by an embarrassing amount, and they hit the group with a dull thud.

Sonar leans down in an awkward sort of way, picks up his keys and unlocks the door. Then, they go in. He makes sure to lock the door. He doesn't want Robert to walk out and have his guts splattered across the road by a semi truck while Sonar was sound asleep.

Robert flops onto his couch like he belongs there, and Sonar would rather him sleep on the floor (mainly to avoid vomit soaking into his couch, just in case Robert decides to barf up what he drank) but he won't fight it. He makes his way to his bathroom, grabs the trashcan from in there and brings it out to the living room. He points at it.

“You barf, you barf in there.”

Robert looks over and nods once, twice, before diving headfirst into the armrest and closing his eyes. Robert was probably the best drunk he’s ever had to deal with, but that wasn't saying much. It wasn’t saying anything, actually. Sonar doesn't really tolerate drunk people. Or maybe it said everything.

Sonar chirps, quiet, just to fuck with Robert, and the guy squawks back, half mumbled by the cush of the couch. Its funny, even if it fucks up his sonar.

He goes to bed. Loosens his tie, takes off his jacket and unbuttons his pants, and he closes his eyes and tries to sleep.

Tries to.

Something in his brain is trying to slip out of place. He knows the feeling well. Very well. And he’d rather die than transform with a drunken Robert Robertson in his living room. The guy would either piss his pants (and, thus, piss on his couch), or run around in fear and thrash his house in the process.

So, he does his best to ignore the building pressure in his skull. He squeezes his eyes shut and drifts off. There's not a tried and true method to stop his transformation. Plausible deniability was better than just willingly letting the beast loose.

He wakes up minutes later.

There's a smell, beneath the stench of booze and sweat. Misery. Desperation. Something small begging to be soothed.

He stalks out of the room. Slowly, carefully. He'd hate to spook such an upset, fragile thing.

He walks with purpose, feet *clunk, clunk, clunking* against the hardwood as he makes his way to the living room. His prize is limp, fast asleep on the couch. Open and susceptible to the evil of the world.

This wouldn't do.

Sonar picks up the guy and slowly brings him to the floor. Sets him on top of his chest where he'd be far, far safer than being left alone, vulnerable on the overpriced, uncomfortable couch.

He rubs his hands down along the spine of the man. Feels his ribs and his scars through the flimsy corporate polo he'd been forced to wear. There are four rigid raises on his upper back that he focuses his petting on. Tries to soothe away year old wounds with tender will and determination.

Despite being impaired, the man is rigid in Sonar's hold. He wishes Robert would relax, would realize he's safe now that he's there to keep a watchful eye on him.

Sonar just… Pets him throughout the night. Figures out just the right frequency that makes the tension dissipate from Robert. The night is tender, intimate. When his hands linger over the knobs of Robert's spine and the bumps of his ribs, he comes to the conclusion he will keep the guy. Fatten him up, keep him healthy, safe. Save him from a world that had seemingly been so, so cruel to such a weak, defenseless thing.

Robert tries to wake up. There's a low rumble reverberating all over around, and it's making his brain all fuzzy. He can't focus, and something towards the back of his brain tells him, *what the fuck?* But he so, so comfortable so he doesn't try to fight it. He nuzzles into the warm, soft thing his face is smashed onto, and sighs. He is content.

Someone cards their fingers through his hair. It feels nice, good. Soothing. Something tells him he hasn't felt this way in a long, long time.

Once the purr, for lack of a better word, dies down, he gains the will to crack open his eyes. He's met with a ton of grey carpet. Shit. Did he fall asleep on Sonar's floor? He could've sworn he had (barely) made it to the couch.

He pushes against the floor, trying to lift up his upper body to get a better look around the room, but he's met with resistance and is promptly shoved against the floor. *What the fuck is holding him down?*

He starts to feel around the floor, trying to find what the perpetrator is. The thing he is resting on is decidedly not carpet, but a body. A large, fuzzy, furry body. Suddenly, memories of last

night hit him like a truck.

Holy shit. He was sleeping and nuzzling into *Sonar,* of all people.

He bangs against the guy's chest, which is quite larger than he remembers it being, and starts up his efforts to escape with a renewed vigour.

Sonar grumbles a low baritone, and Robert melts into the man. He feels so warm, and comfortable, and *protected*. Why was he trying to get up?

Sonar breaks up the grumble with a few tuts, giving Robert whiplash. Offering little sips of his sanity back, just to let it slip away like sand through his hands.

Robert manages to let out a groan of frustration, to which Sonar responds, "Hmm?" In a way that sounds terribly rhetorical.

Robert starts crying. He doesn't know why. Sonar makes a little aww sound and grabs both sides of Robert's face, lifting it up so he can get a better view. He wipes away the man's tears, and forgets to keep up the constant background noise in the process. Robert supposes its best to keep up the charade of being high off his ass over the frequency Sonar had been making.

He gets a better look at Sonar, and holy shit, its Sonar-*Not*-Sonar. How the hell was he supposed to get out of this? There's no way he can get away from an eight foot tall beast unless he was as fast as a bat out of hell. (Get it. Bat. Bat guy. Roberts at the end of his rope.)

Sonar keeps caressing the apples of his cheeks, staring down at him with those red, unreadable eyes. Robert tries to sound as pathetic as he can, which doesn't take as much effort as he hoped.

"I'm hungry," he says, which isn't far from the truth. His stomach is upset from the near-gallon of tap he had drunk the night before.

Sonar sets him down very gently, pats him once in an attempt to comfort, and steps away. Leaves him rigid on the cold hardwood floor. Robert then stares down the trash can like it owes him money.

Sonar makes his way to the kitchen, but makes those sharp, shrill chirps every few seconds, as if trying to prove to himself that Robert really hadn't moved. How was he supposed to manage this?

All he can do is ask himself questions. Did Sonar just… Turn into an oversized, scary teddy bear whenever he transforms? It wouldn't explain it, though. He had turned halfway through guarding Venderstenk and he hadn't gotten nearly as touchy feely as the thing digging through the kitchen had been.

And tear his way through the sliding glass door that leads to Sonar's backyard.

There's a scream, loud, grating, and Robert has found out yelling back was the best way to distort the soundwaves. He tries to scale the fence guarding the lackluster backyard, falls on

his ass doing so, and manages to jump it the second try. He ignores the crashing of brush and branches as the giant fucking monster tries to steamroll its way back to him.

He grabs his phone, and rings up Blonde Blazer. She doesn't pick up. He calls again, and there's no answer. He was *fucked*.

So, he runs. It wasn't a rural place by any means, but civilians weren't exactly offering open arms to a screaming guy being chased by a hunkering beast.

Eventually, he takes a wrong turn. Human error is natural, *expected*. His lungs are burning and his legs are aching, and a soft, forgiving purr spills from Sonar's mouth and chokes back an ugly, disbelieving sob.

Sonar walks towards Robert, slowly, like he's approaching an angry, injured animal. Robert just stands there, braced for impact.

He's just a step away, and then a sickening *crack* rings through the disgusting alleyway.

"Huh?" Sonar says, back to his normal self.

Robert stands there. He catches his breath, tries to at the very least, pants echoing in the shithole of an alleyway. His fists are clenched. He seems wildly uncomfortable and embarrassed.

Robert walks away. Sonar had been so nice last night, offering his couch to the drunkard. He wonders what happened.

Sonar looks down. He isn't wearing pants. Or anything, for that matter. He shrugs to himself.

He is later arrested for public indecency, which isn't the worst thing he's gone to jail for.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!